

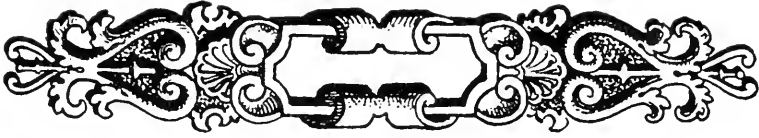
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Groton, Massachusetts

A PLACE in the north of old Middlesex County,
Most beautiful made by Dame Nature's kind bounty,
Where winter is cold and where summer is hot, on
The map can be found, called the township of Groton.

Though winter is cold, under roof-tree and steeple
There's plenty of warmth in the hearts of its people.
When winter is gone, with its slush and its sneezes,
There's solace enough in its soft western breezes.

Its farms yield their crops to industrious tillage,
And character grows in the schools of the village.
While, to great institutions where learning doth rule,
Are there sent finer youth than from famed Groton School?

Its commons, its houses, and its picturesque street
Fill the breasts of its children with memories sweet.
Its hills and its meadows, its glimpses of mountains,
To lovers of nature are plenteous fountains.

There's the store of red brick, where at unwonted hours
A young clerk did train intellectual powers ;
Now statesman, whose stainless, illustrious career
To the folks of old Groton will always be dear.

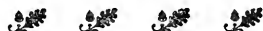
And here, too, is his dwelling, near by the town hall,
The home of his summer, 'tis the home of his fall.
Respected and honored, undiminished by age,—
Governor ; Congress ; Cabinet ; Senator ; Sage !

And there still stands the inn, now old-fashioned and quaint,
Where refreshment and comfort the traveller faint
Receives as of yore, but without the potations
Which at times did divert the past generations.

The churches in white robes, whose spires point to heaven,
For life and for happiness furnish the leaven.
And then to the south, on a fine elevation,
The Lawrence Academy — for education.



Beyond is the birthplace, 'tis known, indeed, full well,
Of one whose soldier's part there is no need to tell,—
A Groton boy, whose name has made the pulses thrill,
'Tis William Prescott, who commanded on the Hill.



The groves and the lanes and the drives through the wildwood ;
And the ponds for the sports regaling in childhood ;
The mill, by the bridge, at the side of the river,
And praise of this stream it's not hard to deliver.

They talk of the Lee, of the Dee, any other,
But Groton can show them there is yet another.
Let them leave for a while the Brig o' the Witches,
And just take a look from the Bridge we call Fitch's.

For here are two rivers, as all Groton folks know,
Where the one is above and the other below.
The leaves from the banks, in the surface reflected,
Make visions of loveliness quite unexpected.


S. S. Green

Up stream and down stream there are shallows and winding,
All that is pleasing there's no trouble in finding.
So, ardent admirers, you had better dash away
And rapturous get at the sight of the Nashua.*

Should there wander here a searcher for history,
Or seeker of romance shrouded in mystery,
To any such persons Doctor Green would declare,
"It is a capital place to get a full share."



Entrancing spot, girt round with many a breeze-kissed hill,
By budding youth you're loved, and age doth love thee still.
Thy charms once seen by school-boy or by farmer lad,
He longs again to see, and, seeing, he is glad.

Though far away, on thee thy offspring muse, and pray
That, when each year there comes again Thanksgiving Day,
With happiness thy people may be richly blest,
And peace be thine, O town of beauty and of rest!

W. A. B.

Paris, November 14, 1904.

*The local pronunciation makes the rhyme.

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